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DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE TEMPTER AND A CHILD.

Tempter.

"Come, sweet smiling youth, will you ramble with me,
To the place where the red-breast has built on the tree
Its beautiful nest? With soft moss it is lined,
And some pretty blue eggs or young birds we shall find;
We will take them away—they shall all be for thee,
Come, say, little boy, will you go there with me?"

Child.

"That round mossy nest, with labor and care
Was built by the red-breast to lay her eggs there,
And to rear her young brood. Oh, how happy is she!
To hear her sweet song from the green apple tree,
It would be cruel to rob her, and painful to me
To make her unhappy. I'll not go with thee."

Tempter.

"To-morrow, kind boy, we will go to the street,
Where playmates so joyous and frolicsome meet,
We will bound the good ball, or sport with the kite,
And make ourselves happy from morning till night;
Or we'll bathe in the stream where the clear waters flow,
And angle for fish,—will you there with me go?"

Child.

"To-morrow is Sabbath, so sacred and sweet;
I go to God's house where his worshipers meet;
And the Sabbath school service I love more than all
The boys that forsake it, their kite or their ball.
The Bible forbids either labor or play,
And commands to keep holy this most holy day."

Tempter.

"Just over the hill, bending down to our reach,
Hangs the apple, the plum, and the rich mellow peach,
The sweet purple grape, and the large yellow pear;
Oh, come, let us hasten and feast ourselves there;
No eye can detect us—there's nothing to fear—
Why then will you lose them by lingering here?"

Child.

"To my passions and appetites you would appeal,
To lead me to covet, and teach me to steal.
But my Father above I obey before you,
His commandments are kind, and holy and true.
Then "get thee behind me," and tempt me no more,
I have read of your name and *employment* before.

Dear Saviour! oh keep me from every temptation,
However employed, and in whatever station;
Or if from its snares I may not be exempted,
Oh, keep me from falling whene'er I am tempted."

From the Washington Reporter.

ASHGROVE—OR THE RETURN.

"Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
Lone—as a solitary cloud
A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of Heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear,
Where skies are blue, and earth is gay."
Byron.

"Sojourn where you may and view the little world around you, and you will find objects to teach the lesson that fiction can never reach the borders of truth. Penetrate into the deepest recess of the country, far from cities and even villages, and well built farm houses and barns, and fields, meadows and orchards, where plenty smiles, and where contentment ought to dwell, and there you will find that Happiness is still a wanderer, a tenant at will. Raise your eyes to that winding road, behold that dark dell on the right. There is a cabin, you can just see its broken chimney, and now entering the road, and now moving slow and painful, the figure of a human being. That being is Millman the Hermit of Chartiers. He is too far from you to enable you to scan his worn features, and it is well, they would give you no pleasure. He is destitute, not from poverty, but he is destitute, solitary and alone on earth. Wrinkled and grey, not so much from age as from the worst of care, remorse. The youth of that man was fair in prospect as your's can be. No parents were more tender, nor other relations kinder than were those of the long deserted Millman. Years have flown away since he has had to look in retrospect on blasted hopes, on joyous youth, on times by-gone, and on futurity without hope."

It was an evening in autumn, the brown leaf of summer gone and winter approaching; the moon was rising over the distant hills, and shadowed by the pyramid of smoke issuing from Pittsburgh, as the old and venerable Samuel Walton, in the grey of sunset sat on his porch, and addressing his grandson Sumner Walton, who had but a few days returned as a Prodigal son to the parental roof, and now sat attentive to the words and kind voice of his grandfather. The parents and sisters of Sumner were present, and a placid joy after a season of sorrow sat on the hearts of the group.

"There is much in that man's life," continued the old historian, "Sumner, that may be of benefit to you, and its relation can do him now no harm, for though in, he is not of the world. Though I am old yet he is my elder by many years; but this is no matter."

When the French war broke out in 1755, I was, if not a youth, a young man, and could handle the rifle well, no small matter in those days, and I was made a militia captain, and was one of those led to the field or valley of Death by Braddock. We were on our march, and were encamped on the Potomac, when, as my men in the evening were preparing supper for themselves and officers, a fine boy of between sixteen and seventeen presented himself and desired to speak to me apart. I consented, and when out of hearing we sat down on a log. He appeared weary and distressed as he told me that he wished to join my company.

"You are very young, my boy," I replied, "from whence have you come?"

"From Virginia," was his answer, "and upward of a hundred miles from here."

"Why did you not join the Virginians?" I demanded.

His breast heaved, and he seemed unable to answer, when I again observed, "My boy, I am afraid you have fled from your parents," but assuming a tone suitable to gain his confidence, added, "tell me the truth."

Reassured, by my kindness of manner, he confessed that he had eloped from a brutal step-father but kind mother. That his reasons for not joining the Virginians were from fear of being known; that the rifle he held in his hands was his own, the bequest of his father, and that he was sorry he had left home, but that it was now too late to go back.

The closing observation admitted of no doubt. The army was already on the frontier, it demanded therefore but a moment for me to resolve, and I observed, "as to your return, that may be thought about when we all return or when those return who are able, in the meanwhile be a good boy, give your name out as Walton, you'll be considered a relation of mine, may be a son, [illegible]."

As Samuel Walton this boy joined my company, and attached himself personally to me, and a gallant and brave young soldier was added to the fated army. As to myself no wounds attended the danger incurred, but my Samuel received a wound by a ball which crossed his forehead, and changed a very fine to a rather disfigured countenance. We returned to the Potomac, and his return to Virginia, spoken of often but always delayed from causes I could not now relate if I would, until the spring of 1759, when time had changed the boy for a very athletic man, and again did we cross the mountains in the army of General Forbes, and were at the taking of Fort du Quesne.

"There were many, and myself and Samuel of the number, who had western lands as well as military glory in view in following the army a second time to the wilds of Monongahela. As soon therefore as we could obtain our release from duty we prepared to scour the woods, rifle in hand.

"The now beautiful country between the Ohio and the western range of mountains was then, 1758–59, one wide expanse of trees. With the fall of Pittsburgh, as Fort du Quesne is now named, even the savages left the eastern side of Ohio. To such adventurers this then desolation lay indeed before us, and in it we spent the winter, depending for subsistence and clothing on our rifles. Twice we returned to *Pitt*, and occasionally in search of what many found a future home.

"The spring of 1759 was opening, and we had more than once consulted as to our return, though we still lingered until two incidents occurred which determined our motions. We were in our rambles at different times encamped on almost every stream between the Ohio and Monongahela, and on a certain evening, had raised the smoke and flame of our fire on a small branch which joins Chartier near where Canonsburgh now stands, when a couple of Land Hunters on their way from the heads of Wheeling to Pitt, wound down the valley and joined us for the night.

After the common inquiries were made, and while chewing our venison and bear-meat supper, one of our new friends observed laughing to the other, "Dad, Jim, we must have some fun with the old bear as we go back."

"Old Millman has a rifle, Tom," replied Jim, "and may use it to kill another bear."

"He use his rifle!" replied Tom with great contempt, and turning to us continued, "I'll tell you what strangers, there's an old brute come into this county and built a cabin in a narrow valley down this creek, and if he aint a runaway murderer then Tom Simpkins never shot a bear or deer."

"Better reason for him to use his rifle," interrupted his companion.

"Reason," rejoined Simpkins in wrath, "why with all his savage looks I know that he is a coward."

"Why do you think him a murderer?" I then asked.

"Because he looks like one," replied Simkins, "and behaves like one, as he shuns and trembles when any one comes near his den. Why are we all now so glad to meet here?"

I could not but admire the natural logic and good feeling of the manly hunter and subjoined, "This young man, my son, and myself intend to go on to-morrow about seven or eight miles from here to view a little better than we have done, a body of land we have marked, and then to return this way and proceed to Pitt. Now join us to-morrow, and next day we'll join you in a visit to this terrible man you speak of."

"Willingly," replied both in a breath, and after the laugh, jokes and tales of the late war, and projects of settlement, we one after another forgot in sound and refreshing sleep our projects.

Long before the sun of morning had beamed, we were all again on foot, had breakfasted, and on our way saw the rising sun and distant mountains from the high hill over where the Stone Meeting House is now building. Noon found us among the hills along which the *new Redstone road* was afterward traced. We made our examination and had reached on East Chartiers, the old Redstone road, but before reaching it we heard the bells of several horses, and coming still nearer the trace saw on the bottom a number of persons, much above any company we had hitherto encountered. We naturally joined them, and soon lost all intention of leaving them for that night. Indeed I need not attempt to give you an idea of the gladness of such meetings at such times and places.

Among this company was a man of middle age, but still very vigorous, and in education above any person I had hitherto met west of the mountains, and with whom I was soon in close conversation. Samuel always close by me if possible seemed more than usually attentive, and by rare signs which at first I did not see attempted to draw me to one side. Not succeeding, however, he at length observed, "Father, if we stay here all night we must camp." So trite a piece of information would have made me smile, if I had not seen a something unexpressed, and I got up and went down the creek with my boy a few steps, when he earnestly observed, "That man is Squire Hinson, and lives within less than one mile from where my mother"——

His feelings here choked his utterance, and in order that we might not be overheard pretended to be gathering wood until we had reached a proper distance when I earnestly observed, "Samuel, you are a young man of tried resolution, curb your feelings—we'll go back, and I'll draw Hinson into further conversation, and lead him to give you the information you so much desire."

"Heaven give me strength to hear of my mother and sisters," ejaculated Samuel, and we returned with our load of wood. Squire Hinson and myself were soon again in deep conversation, and you may be sure we had one most attentive hearer. Gradually and cautiously, I made inquiry about different persons I had heard Samuel name, and at last named his step-father Simon Falconer.

"Simon Falconer," exclaimed Hinson, "do you know any thing of that man?"

"Nothing whatever personally," I replied, "but have heard there was such a man in your part of Virginia."

"And you'll get some hundred pounds," replied Hinson, "money told down if you can, and will bring him back to —— Court house."

The whole company but of all Samuel Ashgrove my adopted son, at once exclaimed, "For why?"

In fact I was myself too intent on hearing the answer to notice or restrain Samuel who sprang forward, and seizing Hinson by the hand repeated the "why" in a voice which startled the man to whom it was addressed, who looking a moment earnestly at the young man replied, "Because he is a murderer—perhaps a double murderer."

Never can I forget the look of despair and anguish with which Ashgrove, dropping the hand of Hinson, feebly demanded "of whom?" But giving no time to receive a reply sunk down at the root of a sugar tree, breathing out, "My mother, my mother."

It was now Hinson's turn to be astonished and anxious to learn the cause of the terrible effects of his information on a total stranger.—But his mind wandered; conflicting, and at first confused recollections rose as he gazed upon the distorted features of the young man at his feet, but at length, as if a ray of light had darted into his mind he struck his forehead with his right hand, exclaiming, "It must be, he is, yes, he is the lost boy;" and seizing the hand which had held his own a moment before, continued "Samuel Ashgrove, are you not Samuel Ashgrove?"

"Alas! I am the Prodigal son," replied Samuel.

"Mysterious powers," ejaculated Hinson, "then Falconer may or may not be a murderer."

"Stranger," I now observed, "you speak in such a manner, that we cannot clearly understand. This young man has been four years as a child to me."

"And as a child I knew him," interrupted Hinson evidently hurt, "out of the limits of my own blood no human being was ever more cherished by me than Elmira Ashgrove, and I cannot be indifferent to her child, but you must all be calm as I have something serious to relate."

There was indeed dead silence in the camp, the evening was closing in, and the Horse Bells only broke with their tinkling sound upon the ear of night, as Hinson related the following events, and as Samuel Ashgrove leaning on my knee had gained sufficent composure to listen calmly.

"In the spring of that year when Braddock's army was forming, the once beautiful and always excellent Elmira Ashgrove with her three children, had been for her lasting misery united the fourth year to Simon Falconer. With a tolerable person, but unprincipled and morose, the poor wife and mother had long seen her error, but struggled on. Her eldest child and son, the image in every respect of his father, bold and manly when a mere boy got the hatred and much of the abuse of his step-father. 'Let him strike me,' often said the noble boy, 'if I can save my mother,' and it was visible to Falconer that the time was slowly coming forward when the son of Ashgrove was not to be stricken unrevenged.—They were preparing for spring crop, and for some trifling word or commission the boy was struck with a plough whip. Next morning Ashgrove and his father's rifle were gone, and neither ever since heard of at ——.

"The almost distracted mother and weeping sisters had, in surplus of sorrow, to sustain the abuse, and bear the curses and threats of Falconer, who, however, soon found it necessary to moderate his wrath. Hated in his neighborhood, his threats of being the death of his step-son, were to his utmost terror, changed to a charge that he had murdered the boy. He was brought before me and two other justices, but no direct evidence appearing, and as the mother and many others gave their opinion that Samuel Ashgrove had joined the army, Falconer was discharged. His home could under no circumstances be a happy one, and his wife who sincerely exonerated him from being the actual murderer of her son, could not but regard him as being little less guilty. Falconer felt this, but until about six months since avoided actual violence, but from some expression which was extorted from her by taunting reflections on her lost child, he inflicted repeated blows on his wife in presence of her screaming daughters.

"The measure was now full, and the villain fled. Elmira Falconer was still living when I left Virginia but hourly expected to depart, a victim to the cruelty of her husband and anguish of heart. The dread of vengeance from earth and Heaven must have lent him more than human powers to escape. The Governor's proclamation added little to public exertions to seize him, still Falconer eluded his pursuers and is yet at large, but if Mrs. Falconer dies and he is taken, the whole circumstances of his life will witness against him."

"And I am also guilty," murmured her son, in the utmost bitterness of heart. "But why do I linger here, I may yet see a living mother."

"Or revenge a dead one," interrupted the warm hearted straight forward Simkins, who rushing forward and seizing the hand of Ashgrove continued with great earnestness, "I'll never beat a bear out of a tree again if that brute down Shurtee ain't that same Falconer."

"I'm of the same opinion," rejoined his companion.

The circumstances already related were now explained to Mr. Hinson, who remained wrapped in thought for some minutes after hearing the relation, and then solemnly observed, "A something tells me this is the man; I desire not his blood or the gold for his recapture, but justice demands that he be brought to justice. To-morrow we must secure him; but," and he clasped the hand of Ashgrove, "you must not appear, you might be rash."

"No," mournfully exclaimed Ashgrove, "Not a finger of mine shall be laid on him. The soul of my mother would rise and crush me if she is gone to the place of bliss, and the pain of years of desertion I cannot increase if she is living."

This part of Pennsylvania was then claimed by Virginia, and Thomas Hinson being a magistrate, though out of his district, had a semi-judicial authority, and with him at our head we proceeded the ensuing day in pursuit of our supposed fugitive.

The day was advancing to meridian, and we were moving along in file, Indian like, and as silent as the sons of the forest. Tom Simkins as our guide, was marching in front, Squire Hinson riding next, with myself immediately in his rear, and my adopted son and the other forming our rear guard. We were threading down Chartiers, passing sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other, as the projecting hills and winding of the stream permitted, when Hinson suddenly reined up his horse, and turning round in his saddle observed to me with an air as if some very important reflection had rose in his mind, "I have a thought;" to this I made no other reply than a nod, as much as to say, "let's have it." The whole party had halted and awaited with some curiosity to hear the new born thought. The squire after some hesitation added, "my thought is, that if we find Falconer, he might be kept ignorant that his step-son is living, and among his captors. Let Samuel Ashgrove be still called Samuel Walton until we arrive in Virginia. His mother, if living, deserves to have the existence of her son made known to her before it is revealed to his unworthy step-father. If, as I fear, the mother is beyond earthly comfort, Samuel has two sweet and lovely sisters now mourning their loss, and to whom a brother will be as an angel sent to support them in their bereavement. Falconer deserves noshare in such joys—he deserves to think himself, if he is not, a murderer."

To this speech, made with much earnestness, we all listened attentively, and long before it was closed, Samuel and myself were much pleased with the arrangement, and entered into it warmly.

The Chartier is one of those nut-brown streams of the West which draws its numerous fountains from dales and slopes and from knolls, and from hills, no mean representatives of mountains, the whole forming a valley of surpassing variety and natural beauty. The mimic river itself seems conscious of the splendor of the scenery which rises from and adorns its banks, and consequently, wanders slowly and deviously, as if reluctant to quit scenes so alluring. It was in a deep dell, under a cedar-crowned ledge of rocks, and opposite to the silent point of a peninsula formed by one of those sweeping curves made by Chartier, as if attempting a return to its fountain, that Millman the white savage had formed his den.

This *repaire* was known to few, but among that few was Tom Simkins and his fellow hunter. Arrived at a very abrupt bend of the creek, Simpkins stopped on the right bank, and pointing down stream observed, "we are within half a mile of the place; do you Squire Hinson and your friend continue to follow the path until you come to some high rocks; you and me Jim," addressing his fellow hunter, "will cross over yon ridge, and then go up the creek and meet these gentlemen. There's a good deal of wolf as well as bear in old Millman." Then making a trap of the bend of the creek, with his ramrod in the air, dashed over the stream followed by his companion, who were soon seen rising the opposite hill amid the trees and bushes. As directed, we pursued our way, and soon found that the sagacity of Simkins was not at fault, as entering the narrow bottom, and under the bank we were taught to expect, we saw the two hunters held at bay by a man fortified by a fallen tree and a fallen rock.

"Look behind you old buck," roared out Simkins. The order was obeyed, and the rifle fell from the nerveless arm of Falconer, for it was him, and the moment his eye fell on Squire Hinson, he almost screamed, "I am lost, I am lost," dropped his weapon, and half falling sustained himself against the rock behind which he had taken shelter. The face of Hinson fascinated that of the culprit, and the two men so many years neighbors and acquaintances, if not friends, stood long gazing on each other with extremely different feelings. To describe such a scene transcends all language; what words are adequate to sketch the thronged, the painful, the mingled feelings of a son thus brought into the presence of him who was once the husband, and who was now to be dragged to the footstool of justice as the murderer of his mother? Words are as airy nothings; the mind alone can reach such realities. Neither word, tear, nor sigh came from Ashgrove: he gazed a moment on the victim, and then averted his looks. Falconer made no resistance, and seemed to shrink from hearing the fate of his wife. Hinson understood the state of mind of his prisoner; nature was interpreter between them. "No personal injury is intended you," said the compassionate magistrate to Falconer. "I dare not flatter you with hope. You may or may not be the murderer of your wife.—Elmira was at my departure under the care of my family, and with her children in my house; but her departure hourly expected. When she speaks of you Falconer, it is to pray for what I am afraid you never did yourself ——. If she is gone to the grave, you may place hopes above, you need indulge none below. Your step-son." To this terrific address Falconer made no reply, but his groans, were too dreadful to hear—I hear them yet—they were not the groans of contrition, they were the cries of fear, terror, and remorse.

It was evening, it was raw, cold, and misty, as Judge Thomas Hinson with his prisoner, myself and Thomas Ashgrove reached a common log tavern among the mountains of Virginia, and about thirty miles from —— Court-House. Samuel Ashgrove had been brought under my protection, under circumstances so peculiar, had been so long as a son, and was still placed under circumstances which demanded all the aid I could give—therefore I could not for any consideration suffer him to return without me to Virginia, or for a moment think of parting from him until the fate of himself and relations was known.

When we entered the tavern, a cheerful log-fire was burning, and by it sitting two men, travellers like ourselves, but from an opposite direction. We were weary and rather wet, and but little disposed to conversation even between ourselves. Falconer as he had done on the whole journey whenever he stopped, lay down and near a wall if in a house, or tree if in the woods, and turning away his face remained in gloomy silence. While thus warming and drying ourselves, the two strangers on the opposite side of the hearth had the conversation to themselves. Sometimes that conversation was in too low a tone, or too unconnected a manner to arrest our attention even had we felt a desire to follow its course, but we were suddenly roused to intense interest by the following expression:

"He will be brought to justice; such a crime"—The speaker was here interrupted by seeing our eyes fixed on him, but more by a violent start of Falconer, who rose to his elbow, and fixed a distracted stare on the stranger. The surprise was mutual, as the moment their eyes met the stranger sprung to his feet exclaiming, "Simon Falconer, Simon Falconer." The look was more than Falconer could support, the miserable man saw his doom, and the bleeding shade of his wife in that terrible look, and sunk groaning to the floor. It was evident the two men were personally acquainted with each other, though except the groans of the wretched prisoner, a dead silence for some time prevailed in the room, which was at length broken by the stranger, who turning to Squire Hinson observed, "you are, it is to be presumed, taking this man to —— Court-House?"

"My name is Thomas Hinson, and I am acting as a magistrate," was the reply.

"The name is sufficient," rejoined the stranger, "that you are acting as duty dictates; I knew Simon Falconer in days of better promise. Sorry would I be to add a grain to the mountains which must weigh on his soul. Yesterday as we passed a decent Meeting-House on our way, the congregation was gathering and we halted during the service. A grey headed clergyman officiated, and when he rose his voice faltered, his eyes moistened, and all his frame shook, as he announced to his hearers, that the earthly sufferings of the beautiful and always beloved Elmira Falconer were drawing to a close, that all hope was over of her recovery, and that the prayers of the congregation were requested. The minister then raised his withered hands and streaming eyes, and addressed the Throne of Grace with words and fervor, that shook the frames and melted the hearts of all present; but when he implored that repentance might melt the heart of the murderer, and that he might receive mercy if yet in life, the tears of many were quenched. The whole scene was impressive beyond all forgetfulness, but when the service was over, that voice which next to that of God himself, pronounced the most terrific vengeance against the shedder of blood."

During this narrative it demanded more than one silent admonition from me to prevent Samuel Ashgrove from revealing himself, but with heaving heart he repressed his feelings, and leaning on his hands and knees communed only with himself. I now deemed it my duty to address Falconer, which I did by calling to his mind, that the gates of mercy from above were not yet shut upon him; that we were almost assured that an angel was now pleading for him, and that from human pity he had lost all hope. The stranger and Squire Hinson followed, or joined me in admonishing the unfortunate man, but bitter groans were his answers; we could not extort from him a single word.—His was the struggle of despair and hardness of heart. That state of mind which clings to life, dreads death, and regards the future with too much horror to dare its contemplation.

It was one of those indescribable fine days of early winter on which we left the log tavern, and in the additional company of the two strangers and fellow lodgers, we proceeded toward —— Court-House, where Judge Hinson was to deliver his prisoner to the proper authorities.—When passing the ridge of a mountain from which a most inviting country lay spread as if a carpet under our feet, and on which the little town of —— appeared as a mere farm, we all halted as if by one inspiration to scan the truly splendid landscape. For some moments we gazed in delighted silence, but the charm was broken by a groan from Falconer; what was as a land of promise to us, was to him of shame, remorse and death. Spread before him lay the land of his birth, youth, happy days; also of his crime and dreaded punishment.—The expressions of admiration rising in our breasts died on our lips; we could not aggravate misery so intolerable, and in sorrowful reflections we passed down the mountain, and as the day was declining reached the Court-House.

The compassionate Judge Hinson, in order to save his prisoner from the rude gaze and reflections of the people at the Court-House, beckoned to me when about a mile from the place, to ride with him a little in advance. I did so, and he then observed that he would ride forward, and have an upstair's room in the public house prepared, where Falconer could be confined until the sheriff was apprised of his arrival. I merely nodded assent, and he was soon out of sight. As a sick man and traveller Falconer was conveyed to a room, and if not sick, terror had preyed and emaciated him so that his features appeared scarce human.—The first distinct words we heard from him for many days burst forth as we laid him on a bed, "Oh," he slowly breathed, "this is kind—hide me from every one—Oh! could I never again see the human face." He now as usual turned his face to the wall and relapsed into moody silence. His step-son and the two men who returned with us from the tavern, had not aided him to the room, and only Hinson and myself heard the bitter exclamations. We looked on him and on each other, but words failed us both, and in silence we left him to brood over his dreadful fate.

Friends now crowded in to welcome Judge Hinson whom I found beloved and respected, but before much gratulation could pass, some one exclaimed yonder comes Dr. M'Williams, we can now learn whether Mrs. Falconer survives or not. Up came the doctor with a face very unlike one of his profession coming from a dead patient. To receive his report he had much more impatient auditors than he wot of, and as he rode up, from more than one voice came, "How is Mrs. Falconer?"

"Past all danger—past all danger," replied the exulting doctor, and then added, "if that woman is not an angel there never was one in human form. What would you think is her most exulting joy on knowing that she may yet live many years?" But giving no one time to frame a conjectural answer, subjoined, "Why that her husband cannot be punished as a murderer."

What comments would have been made on this exalted magnanimity can never be known as all the parties were electrified by the appearance of a spectre in the form of Falconer, whose ear had caught the sound of his wife's name, and still more distinctly the happy news of her recovery, as the doctor in the exultation of his heart, and in order to let all hear, spoke loud and clear.

All was astonishment and surprise, mingled with some terror, at the apparition of Falconer. His garments soiled, and hair and beard matted, giving a most haggard aspect to his features, as he had obstinately resisted all attempts on our part to give to his person a something more human. Rushing forward with convulsive rapidity he ejaculated, "Dr. Williams, say again Mrs. Falconer lives, and I'll kiss the earth under your horse's feet."

The doctor, indeed all present were dumb, petrified as it were with momentary surprise, and before the doctor had time to recover Judge Hinson rushed forward and caught the falling Falconer, whose excitement had exhausted his strength. I followed the example of Hinson, and we led the now weeping and resistless man to his room, and laid him again on the bed he had left as the reprieve caught his ear.

"Falconer," said Hinson kindly, sitting down on the bed and taking his hand, "if your heart is not steeled against the mercies of Heaven you cannot now remain in your hardness of heart. Believe me, you may believe us all that you are yourself not more rejoiced at your escape than is every one near you. But of all human, pity the heart which bleeds most for you."

But to this pathetic appeal no response of feeling appeared, but on the contrary, as the words fell, Falconer relapsed into his gloomy mood, and turning to the wall exhibited the same dark and harsh character he did whilst the doom of a shameful death was hovering over his head.*

Let the reader in imagination accompany me to one of the most romantic vales in Virginia, and suppose that in a plain but very decent farm house we form members of a happy company of country people, where gaiety of heart, mirth light as innocence could make it, and all sweetened by remembrance of calamity past, and assured happiness to come. Such was the last evening I ever had the good fortune to spend at Judge Hinson's. Among the guests were Elmira Falconer and her three children. Look close into the demeanor of any one who has been long exposed to severe mental sufferings, and you will perceive that the soul at its secret recesses still feels the pain of wounds which time has cicatrised, but cannot entirely heal. In the circle of her children and other friends, also dear Elmira smiled, and diffused gladness around her, but at intervals it was evident her mind wandered to the distance, and fleeted in retrospect to the past. But let us also follow her to the distance, and in fancy to the past.

Both law and his own safety compelled us to place Falconer in prison until the formalities of his enlargement could be complied with, and in the meantime the utmost caution was necessary to open to Mrs. Falconer the pure stream of joy and happiness which Providence had prepared for her remaining days. The moment the key was turned on her husband, we set out without a moment's delay in fear that rumor would convey disconnected intelligence, dangerous to Mrs. Falconer in her weak condition, nor did we arrive a moment too soon.

Pressed to the bosom of her second earthly father, Judge Hinson, and pale and wasted I never have beheld another face so powerful in exerting every noble feeling. Her son was introduced to her under my name, and with great skill and prudence Hinson led her on to allusion on her husband. Though she made no inquiry, I could see that the allusion itself awakened at once painful and joyful reflections.—Still Hinson went on until he finally led her to the discovery of Falconer, and that he was safe, at where he did not state. Never could any one forget who saw the beam of innate devotion rise from her relumed countenance, at the announcement that the doom was removed from the head of her husband. It was a beam which went to the inmost heart of all present; but Hinson himself seemed as if fearful of the still more important disclosure, but the impatient looks of Ashgrove admonished the judge to guard against a still more abrupt disclosure of the son and brother.

"This gentleman, Elmira," at length observed Hinson, "informs me that he was in Braddock's army, and that a youth"—here he was interrupted by the convalescent rising with a rapidity none expected nor could any one prevent, exclaiming, "my son, my son"—

"I declare Elmira," said the judge looking at the same time on the face of Ashgrove, where volumes could be read, "I'll not"—but he had no time to add more, the endearing, the enrapturing titles of mother, son, brother and sister, mingled with tears of gratitude to Heaven for the unexpected, unhoped for return of the long lost prodigal son. But on such a group we may drop the curtain, to those who would mingle sympathy, no description is necessary, and to those who cannot it is equally unnecessary.

To close this drama, it only remained to release and dispose of Falconer, whose very name was carefully avoided, nor did his wife until some months afterward know that he had been actually brought back to —— Court-House. Hinson and myself were present when he was released. We found him gloomy, but he conversed freely, for I believe the last time, and when Judge Hinson observed to him, "Simon Falconer, you are once more free," and taking his hand rather kindly, "what do you intend to"—He could not complete the sentence, the looks of Falconer silenced him, and after a pause he was answered in a tone which prevented any further inquiry, "Return to my cabin in the west."

To that cabin he did return, and there has lingered to the utmost bounds of human life. By means you know, it so happened that I pitched my tent here, and thus became in some degree a protector to this deserted recluse. I am the only person with whom he will converse, and with me only, when necessary to the disposal of his property, for he has a clear title to a large tract of land around him, part of which he rents through me, for he has no personal communication with his own tenants, or his creditors, for he has money at interest. Of his wife, and her children or grand children, for she still lives and has lived, he never named to me but once, and that was when he made his will in their favor for all his property. A generation has risen round this man who bears the title of The Hermit Millman. Vague and wild are the stories told of him, and he is enveloped in an atmosphere of mystery, which death alone can dissipate.

MARK BANCROFT.

* Let no reader consider this representation of unmoveable depravity out of nature; the writer has witnessed similar obdurity in the very hour of death; a stupid apathy regardless alike of life past or to come.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

TO MISS M. A. B——Y.

Surpassing all in glorious sheen,
Oh! Nature's loveliest, brightest gem;
Thy majesty and grace of mien,
Seems beautiful to all I ween,
For thou art Love's most fit emblem.

Sylph-like thy shape—a form of grace,
And Love, and radiant beauty show,
Their wonted dwelling in thy face,
And clearly, brightly point the place,
Where roses mixt with lilies glow.

Thine eye is bright—much brighter too,
Than suits our feeble gaze to bear;
Thy hair is dark as raven's hue,
Its clustering ringlets fondly woo;
Thy neck is alabaster fair.

Thus as thine eye is bright, thy hair
Is dark as any fairy elf;
And thy whole form and self thus fair,
In richest beauty doth declare,
Thou art perfection's self! Ion.

Wilmington, N. C.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

A GLANCE AT NEW YORK.

BY LUMPKIN LUMPKINS.

A stranger, on landing at New York, is, at the first glance, struck with admiration and awe. Around him, as far as the eye can stretch, the most beautiful bay, (in my opinion) in the world, filled with shipping from all quarters of the globe, meets his eye.

It was near the close of a lovely day, in the latter part of summer, that I landed near the Battery, and had the satisfaction of enjoying the finest sight imaginable. I directed my trunk to be conveyed to a hotel, and then took a strole, to enjoy the fine air. I soon arrived at the battery, and must say, that I never saw such a sight, before nor since, for splendor and magnificence. The sun had just disappeared behind the hills of "Communipaw." Not a cloud sullied the serenity of the beautiful crimson sky, that over and anon flashed over the bosom of the sparkling waters! nor was the bay itself disturbed by a single ripple, all nature seemed to be at rest, after the fatigues of the day, and lay, listlessly exposing its most fascinating charms, to the delighted mortals who were gazing at the scene. The trees with their golden foliage, reflected from the sky, the different club boats, with their crews, in tasty uniforms, all made an impression on my mind, that will never be eradicated while memory holds her sway. Evening rapidly began to close in. The music at that moment struck up in Castle Garden, which capped the climax of the scene, and seemed as it were, to carry me back to the days of Moorish enchantment. Reader! this must be seen, to be appreciated, no pen can do it justice.

I reluctantly turned and left the spot, and mixed with the thousands that thronged the far famed Broadway. After some exertion in elbowing through the crowd, I reached my hotel. A few days after I had been there, I was walking very leisurely down Broadway, and was surprised to hear my name called in a loud voice, turning round I saw an old acquaintance from Philadelphia.

After mutual congratulations, Joseph Stone, Esq. invited me to reside at his boarding house, while I remained in the city, to be relieved of the noise, and bustle of a large hotel. I readily consented to his proposal, and removed my effects to Mrs. Judman's boarding house, a very retired and respectable house, and conducted by a very obliging lady. In due time I was introduced to my fellow boarders, none of whom presented any points for criticism, except a widower named Dr. Policy, (he at one time kept a drug store, and has had the name of Doctor ever since), and his son Jack, as great a little rascal as ever went unwhipped. The following scene will give the reader an idea of these two characters.

"What will you have Jack? piece of fish, veal, or beef?" asked the doctor.

"What kind of fish is it, pop?"

"Well I don't know, Jack. What kind is it Mrs. Judman?"

"Salmon," said Mrs. J. at the same time muttering "big fool!"

"That is salmon, Jack."

"Well, I don't like it, I want a good many peas, and a big piece of beef and veal, and don't give me any potatoes, 'cause I dont like them." The doctor would then grasp the dish of peas, and fill Jack's plate and then his own, and the persons who sat that end of the table came off minus peas. After depositing them in the receptacle prepared for them, Jack would bawl out,

"Pop! give me a piece of that pie, and a big piece or else I won't have it."

With this admonition the doctor would load his plate with pie, half of which the little brat would leave; and thus he was ruining his boy, merely by letting him have his own way.

The pump water being unfit to use for washing, cisterns are placed in the yards, with leaders to conduct the rain water from the roof. The cistern in Mrs. Judman's yard, answered also, for the house adjoining by being placed directly on the division line of the lots, and the fence running over the box of the cistern, with a pump on each side, for the accommodation of both tenants. I was sitting at the back window one evening, after a long drought, (there had been a tremendous shower in the afternoon), when I heard Mrs. J. say to one of the servants,

"Susan, we wash to-morrow, you had better secure enough water, suppose you go and fill two or three tubs." Susan, accordingly procured the tubs, and commenced pumping away in great style, she had been engaged about fifteen minutes, when the lady over the fence screamed out,

"Sally! Sally! quick! those people are getting all the water, bring the tubs, make haste!"

As quick as thought, Sally had the tub on the other side pumping away faster than Susan.

"Pump away, Sally," said the lady next door.

"Pump away, Susan!" said Mrs. Judman.

Encouraged by the ladies, the girls redoubled their exertions, and soon the sucking noise in the pump proclaimed the cistern dry.

"Confound them," the lady muttered on the other side, "we have only got a tub full."

"That will do pretty well," said Mrs. J. "we have got two tubs and a half full."

These trifles often cause the neighbors to quarrel.

"Ding! dong! ding! dong!" sounded a deep toned alarm bell, "fire," said Stone, "come let us go." We started off, and soon arrived at the fire, guided by the rabble, and tremendous light it gave, and found four frame buildings burning near the wharf. The whole of the fire apparatus is under one man called a Chief Engineer, whose duty it is to form the engines into line from the wharf to the fire, one engine is placed on the wharf to suck water from the river, which it forces into the next one, and that into another and so on, until it reaches the fire. When we arrived in the vicinity of the fire, the engines came rapidly in, and as they passed, were saluted by those standing still, with "twenty-nine, take our water!" "No," would be the answer. "Hurra," the others would shout, "twenty-nine afraid to take our water—afraid they will get washed!" Washing consists in one engine playing into the other, so fast that they are unable to suck it out, and it flows over, which is considered a great disgrace.

"Suppose we go and see some fun," said Stone one morning about eleven o'clock, as we passed the Park. We entered a building that was used by the different courts, and soon arrived at the room appropriated to the Court of Sessions, and discovered precisely such a set as is seen in the Mayor's Court of Philadelphia. Elevated on a rostrum, sat a venerable looking old man, his head perfectly bald, small twinkling grey eyes, defended by a pair of spectacles, which, when he became excited by a speech, would as quick as thought, be carried to the top of his head, and as quickly conveyed to his nose again, and thus back, and forth while the speech was being delivered; the person who was undergoing the process of a mock trial, was a poor, miserable, cadaverous looking wretch, that had the marks of starvation branded on his brow, his sunken, hollow cheek, and glassy eye, told that starvation compelled him to commit that henious crime, for which he was arraigned, stealing a loaf of bread! after the venerable gentleman had whispered to the aldermen that sat each side of him, he said;

"Well, John, the court finds you guilty. This stealing bread is a very bad crime, and practised to a great extent in this city; we sentence you to three calender months, on Blackwell's Island, there to be made to get out stone. Call up the next, Mr. Clerk."

"Jane Williams," roared the clerk.

Jane soon made her appearance, she was charged with stealing a remnant of muslin from a dry goods store. Almost as quick as a wink, Jane had her trial, without the aid of that superfluous body, called a jury, which is reserved for rich men and rich men's sons in this court.

"Well, Jane," said the venerable gentlemen, "the court finds you guilty. Jane, this stealing muslin is a very bad crime, and practised to a great extent in this city, we sentence you to thirty days on Blackwell's Island. Call up the next, Mr. Clerk."

"Matilda Van Buren, charged with creating a riot at the Five Points."

"No relation to the President, I hope, are you Matilda?" and the little gentleman shook his sides with laughter at his funny remark, and after whispering as before, with the aldermen, said, "Matilda, this rioting is a very bad crime, and practised to a great extent in this city, we sentence you to three month's imprisonment on Blackwell's Island."

After hearing some other cases of about as much importance—we took our departure. I learned afterward that *sixty* cases were disposed of in the space of two hours *without the aid of a jury*.

We walked down Broadway, and came in contact near Wall street with near fifty ticket boys belonging to the different omnibuses, who saluted us with "Broadway right up," "Bowery," "Greenwich right off," "Dry Dock right up," "Right up gentlemen."

"Let us go to Greenwich," said Stone, we accordingly jumped into one of the Greenwich stages, and discovered an elderly gentleman in one corner, and a lady with a child in her arms in the other. "That is a most singular genius," said Stone, "he buys an immense number of tickets, and does nothing but ride up and down all day." After we had proceeded some distance, the old gentleman drew from his pocket a piece of greasy brown paper, which he unrolled, and extracted therefrom a ticket, and inserted the remainder in his breeches pocket again.

"Hem," said the lady, "Mr. Semart, I heard you always gave a ticket to a lady if she had a child with her."

"You did not hear the truth, madame."

The lady looked very foolish, but said nothing, she shortly after arrived at her place of destination, jerked the bell, and held out sixpence to the driver.

"Madame, the fare is one shilling," said the driver.

"Oh, my, why don't you sell sixteen tickets for a dollar?"

"Yes mam," said the driver, "but a single ride is one shilling."

"Oh dear, what shall I do, I have not got another sixpence with me, looking round at us.

"If you would not consider it an insult, madam, I would offer a sixpence," said I.

"My lors! not at all sir,—and would be much obliged to you."

I accordingly gave the driver sixpence, and the lady took her departure.

"Stop!" said Stone, when we arrived at the corner of Canal street and Hudson. "Suppose we go over to Hoboken." We paid the driver and started for the ferry at the foot of Canal street, and in about ten minutes walked ashore at Hoboken, the paradise of N. Jersey. It appears to me, that when N. Jersey was formed, all the ornamental materials were placed where Hoboken now stands, to be fairly distributed around the country, when the heavy work was finished, but by some strange neglect they have been suffered to remain there. The New Yorkers may thank their stars they have such a fine place of retreat from the burning heat and dust of their dirty city. The promenade walk is a most lovely place, about two miles long, shaded from one end to the other, not a single ray of the sun can penetrate through the thick foliage of the trees. About one mile runs over a precipice near sixty feet high, from which the visiter has a splendid view of New York, and the surrounding country. We descended to the beach by a neat little winding path cut in the rock, and entered a small Gothic cave that had also been carved from the solid rock. In the centre was a spring, which contained mineral water, as the man in attendance told us, and charged one cent per glass, we drank some and found it to be quite cold, which refreshed us very much. We ascended the hill again, and proceeded on our journey, and encountered a swing or *skup*, as it is called there, and boxes for the sale of refreshments, "What is that hovel?" said I, as we approached a most miserable and dilapidated cabin built of rough stones, without mortar to hold them together, and a few rough boards for the roof.

"That is the kitchen of the 'Hoboken Turtle Club;' they come here to make their soup. A committee is appointed to *do* the cookery, and prepare the dinner, which is considered a great honor. It is quite laughable to see the worthy members with their sleeves tucked up, aprons, &c. sweating away over the hot fire, making soup, and if they were forced to do the same thing at home would think it one of the most disgraceful things in the world."

This being the extent of the walk we turned back again. When we arrived near the ferry we stopped to look at a circular railroad worked by jackass power; i. e.—the person wishing to ride must turn a crank that is placed inside the car, and pay for the privilege of working his passage. It is about two hundred feet in diameter. We were much amused by an old gentleman who was puffing and blowing away in great style; the perspiration rolled off his face in torrents, still the old gentleman kept turning, as though he were working his way from some terrible monster. A person told us he used that exercise every day to get rid of the dyspepsia: as there was no indications of his soon stopping, we left him enjoying himself.

"Suppose we pay a visit to my sister," said Stone one evening. As I had no engagement we started off, and soon arrived at Mrs. Lomas's in a retired street east of Broadway. We were introduced by Mrs. Lomas to a lady that afforded us some amusement in the course of the evening. She still retained marks that showed she was once a handsome woman, although a very vulgar one. She had at that time lost her front teeth, which gave her a disagreeable appearance when she smiled, and to hide this, in some measure, she was in the habit when any thing funny was said of covering her mouth with her hand, which she was forced to do constantly, as she smiled most bewitchingly to every body that addressed her. I soon saw that she was not the most refined lady in the world, and that she was not thought much of by the family she was visiting, as they appeared to treat her with very little respect.

"Mrs. Jackson, why don't you make your husband get you a set of teeth?" said Mrs. Lomas.

"Yes, that would be fuss-rate. I told him if he would buy me a set of teeth I would buy him a wig. I'll be blamed if I don't make him do it." And Mrs. J. would laugh and carry her hand to her mouth.

"Mrs. J. do favor us with a song, you have a most bewitching voice, I could sit all night and listen to you."

"My lors, Mrs. L. you know I cant sing at all," said Mrs. J. looking very modestly at the floor, but after some pressing she was induced to sing, or rather scream in the following manner:

"At dawn a roarer gaily breaks in all her proud attire,
Majestic o'er the glassy lakes, reflectin li-quid fire,
All natur smiles to usher in the bles-shin queen of morn,
And huntmen with the day begin to wind their medlow horn,
Their medlow horn! their medlow, medlow horn!"

"Beautiful," said Stone.

"Enchanting," said Mrs. L.

"Inexpressibly delightful," said I.

"Now! you flatter me, but bless me it is quite late, I must go home, or else I will have my old man after me." Mrs. J. then put on her trappings, and was escorted home by one of Mrs. Lomas's sons.

"Well that is the greatest bore that I am acquainted with," said Mrs. L. as the door closed behind Mrs. J. "She is here three times a week, regular as clock work every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, she 'just drops in,' in the afternoon, and takes tea. The other days in the week are spent in visiting somebody else. So there is not a day in the week but what she is visiting somebody no matter what kind of weather, rain or shine, she goes out. It was quite laughable to see her one stormy day, she started out to pay us a visit. She had got about half way, when her umbrella broke, and was of no service to her, when she arrived here she was completely drenched.

"'My lors!' she said, 'I did not think it, I thought I would just run round, but I had no idea it rained so hard.'

"When she is out the children are left in the care of a girl about fourteen years of age. Her 'old man,' as she calls him, goes home to tea, and finds his wife out, he turns back and goes to some tavern, and spends his money till twelve o'clock, when he goes home and finds his wife in bed. Thus they live, he in a tavern, and she at the houses of her friends, while the children are left at home to take care of themselves.

"Suppose we go to Harlem," said Stone one morning. Off we started up Broadway, and came to a broaker's office, and stopped to look at the heaps of gold piled in the window. Just at that moment a poor miserable looking devil ran up and dashed his hand through the glass. As quick as lightning the broker was in the street, and had the man by the collar, whose hand and wrist presented a shocking spectacle. As the crowd increased very much around us, we squeezed our way out, and walked up Chatham street, the grand thoroughfare of the mechanics of the upper part of the city, we turned up the Bowery, and soon arrived at the railroad depot near the theatre, and entered one of the cars. After a pleasant ride of an hour, we arrived at the tunnel at Yorkville, cut six hundred feet through the solid rock. It was some time before I had resolution enough to enter, as I heard three men were killed by a piece of rock falling on them from above; however, I kept my seat and rode through without any accident, and soon arrived at Harlem, a very pleasant place, about seven miles from the city situated on the Harlem river. The remains of block houses, breast works, and other warlike preparations are still visible in the neighborhood of the village.

When we returned to the city, I was much amused by the milkmen who were going their afternoon rounds. They have a small wagon with two or three cans about three feet high. When they arrive at the houses of customers, the shout they set up is almost deafening to a stranger. "Milk hup! harrey O-o!" "Hurrey Oh," and repeat until it brings forth the slipshod maid to receive the swill they call milk. The bakers are not so noisy, they are satisfied with knocking at the door, instead of shouting before the house. They keep their account of the number of loaves behind the door with a piece of chalk, of course it is in the power of the housekeeper to rub them out if she chooses. I do not mean to say that is done. Some of the cries of New York are quite laughable, "Here's your fine tasted Isters," "fine tasted Isters," and at night is heard at every corner, "I—scream," "I—scream,"

"Oh you thats got money, I thats got none,
Come buy my lily vite hot corn,
And let me go home, hot corn!"

The above is a faithful copy of the cry that an old negress has in Broadway near the Park, there is no rhyme nor reason in it on paper, but she delivers it with such a supplicating voice that the passer, insensibly stops to hear the end of it. In the morning you are saluted at every corner with, "Sun," "Transcript" and "Herald!"

Business called me from New York, or I should have gladly remained for a longer time. A person who has leisure will be amply paid for his time and trouble in visiting this place, for he will see a great deal, that will both amuse and instruct him. The next time I visit New York I shall give a more detailed account of their manners and customs.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

ABSENCE.

If in Siberia's frozen wilds, or Afric climes we dwell,
On mountain's top, in forests green, or Scotland's ferny dell;
Where we have been from childhood raised, where we have lived from birth,
That spot alone appears to us, the fairest spot on earth.
Companions of our childhood seem more now than ever dear;
The smiling faces left behind, have ceased our minds to cheer;
In silent sorrow here we pine, and through the wild woods roam,
So far away from those we love, so far away from home.
None to console us in the morn, or greet us at the eve;
The tardy hours, too slow they pass, for those behind we grieve;
It will not be for ever thus, for happier times will come,
When we return to those we love, when we return to home. J.

Kingsessing, July 5th.

Useful Information.

MUSEUMS.

Antique collections of natural curiosities;—Hippocentaur;—Museum of the Emperor Augustus;—Ancient modes of preserving perishable substances;—Egyptian method of embalming;—Cere-cloths;—Remains of King Edward I.—Menageries;—Origin and progress of modern cabinets of curiosities;—Museum Tradescantinum;—Kemp's Museum;—British Museum.

Natural productions of uncommon form or beauty, and other rare objects, were in the earliest ages consecrated to the gods, and there is reason to suppose that the first collections of natural curiosities were preserved in the temple. There they were guarded with a pious reverence which secured them from neglect, and, being handed down to succeeding generations, they at length accumulated to an amount that may be considered large in the then infant state of natural history. Some account of these has occasionally been recorded, and a brief enumeration of a few among them may not prove wholly uninteresting.

Among other curiosities, the temple of Juno, at Carthage, contained the skins of two of the hairy women discovered by Hanno on the Gorgades Islands, and which he deposited there, on his return, as a memorial of his voyage:—

The enormous horns of the wild bulls, which committed such havoc in Macedonia, were hung up by order of King Philip in the temple of Hercules; and in the temple of Delphi there were suspended the horns of a Scythian animal, in which the Stygian water that consumed every other vessel could be contained: these were presented by the Emperor Alexander, and the inscription by which they were accompanied has been recorded by Ælian:—

In the temple of Hercules, at Erythris, were the horns of the supposed Indian ants; and in that of Isis, at Cæsarea, the skeleton of the crocodile that was found in the attempt to discover the sources of the Nile:—

The skin of the serpent destroyed by the Roman army in Africa during the first Punic war, and which both Pliny and Valerius Maximus describe as being 120 feet in length, was hung up in one of the temples at Rome, where its jawbones remained until more than a century afterward:—

In the temple of Juno, in the island of Melita (*Malta*,) a pair of Elephant's teeth, of monstrous size, were deposited; and these having been carried away by the admiral of Massanissa's fleet, were afterward restored on its being found that they belonged to a sacred place:—

In one of the temples of Diana, the head of a basilisk was shewn; and the bones of that sea-monster to which Andromeda was supposed to have been exposed, were preserved at Joppa, whence they were afterward carried to Rome:—

The hide of the celebrated Calydonian boar was exhibited in one of the temples of Greece, in the time of Pausanius; and the huge tusks of the animal were afterward brought to Rome, by order of the Emperor Augustus, and placed in the temple of Bacchus.

But the most extraordinary of all was, doubtless, the hippocentaur, which is mentioned by several writers, and which, as we are assured by Pliny, the naturalist, was preserved, *in his time*, in the cabinet of the Emperor. The animal was said to have been caught in Arabia, and to have been brought to Egypt, where having died, it was preserved in brine, and transmitted to Rome. To those who, notwithstanding the authority of this respectful author, may still be inclined to consider the existence of such a creature as fabulous, it may be observed, that St. Jerome, who wrote in the fifth century, also mentions another hippocentaur, in his life of Paul, the hermit; in which he describes the monster, and says that it was notorious to the whole world that, in the reign of Constantine, it was brought alive to Alexandria, where it was publicly exhibited, and on its death was preserved in salt, and sent to the Emperor at Antioch.

These curiosities were, however, rather kept in the temples as public memorials, or relics of ancient times, than to serve the purposes of science; and it does not appear that the learned among the ancients formed private collections of their own. The Emperor Alexander, indeed, ordered all huntsmen, fowlers, and fishermen, to send whatever rare animals they obtained to Aristotle; and we know that Pliny took every opportunity to procure rare productions of nature, in order to note their peculiarities; but still we hear of nothing like a museum of natural curiosities until the time of the Emperor Augustus, who, as we are informed by Suetonius, had one in his palace.

One of the chief causes, no doubt, that rendered such collections rare among the ancients, was the imperfect knowledge they possessed of the mode of preserving those objects that were subject to decay. The only methods with which they were acquainted, were those of immersion in brine, or in honey, or of covering with wax, all of which were defective, and far inferior to that by spirits of wine, which combines the advantage of preventing putrefaction with that of perfect transparency. The more scientific modern process employed in anatomical preparations was wholly unknown.

Of the methods then in use to prevent corruption, that by means of salt was the most ancient, as it certainly was the most apparent, and the easiest of execution. It has been supposed to have originated in Persia; and we have the authority of Dion Cassius, that when Pharnaces sent the body of his father, Mithridates, to Pompey, he had it placed in brine: but it seems probable that, in the East, nitre was more frequently employed for this purpose than common salt. At a later period, we learn that the heads of the early martyrs were preserved in salt by the monks; and Sigebert, who died in 1113, tells us that a similar process was used with the body of St. Guibert.

The custom of preserving dead bodies in honey was also employed at a very early period. The remains of several of the Spartans who died in foreign countries were thus prepared for transmission to their native home. The body of Alexander the Great is also said, by some authors, to have been thus deposited, although we are told by others that it was embalmed in the manner of the Egyptians; and so late as the latter end of the sixth century, that of the dethroned emperor, Justin, was laid in honey mixed with spice.

The Egyptian method of embalming consisted in first extracting the brain through the nostrils, and injecting some viscous unguent in their stead; then opening the belly, and taking out the intestines, the cavity being washed with palm-wine impregnated with spices, and filled with myrrh and other aromatics; this done, the body was laid in nitre during seventy days, at the end of which it was taken out, cleansed, and swathed in fine linen, which was gummed and ornamented with various painted hieroglyphics expressive of the deceased's character and rank. When this process was completed, the body was deposited in a narrow coffin enclosed in an outer case, and placed upright against the wall of the mausoleum of the family. It was in this manner that the mummies which have been preserved to the present time were preserved; but it was only employed for persons of the highest distinction. Another less expensive method was by injecting a dissolvent into all the cavities of the body; this, after a short time, carried off, in a liquid state, whatever it contained, and the body, thus purified, being dried by the nitrous process, was then swathed in the manner already mentioned: the poor merely drenched the body with injections, and afterward dried it in nitre.

This invention is universally ascribed to the Egyptians; and the account communicated to us in the Mosaic writings of the embalming of the patriarch Jacob, sufficiently proves the antiquity of the custom, and confirms the common opinion:* but the period of the operation is there limited to forty days, while the mourning is said to last seventy.

Among the nations of the east, dead bodies were sometimes covered over with wax; and this practice, which was early introduced into Europe, gave rise to that of wrapping the remains of persons of distinction in waxed cloth, which has been continued down even to the present day. Of this the annals of Europe present numerous instances. In that ancient record, the *liber regalis*, we find directions, "that the remains of the kings of England shall be enfolded in waxed linen; but in such manner as that the face and beard may be discernable, and that each finger be separately covered." Accordingly, when the tomb of Edward the First, who died in 1307, was opened in 1774, the body was found thus enveloped, and the form of the features and the hands were still clearly distinguishable. The body of Johanna, mother of Edward the Black Prince, was also, as we are told, "*wrapped in cere-cloth;*" and that of Elizabeth Tudor, second daughter of Henry VII. "*was cered by the wax-chandler.*" Among the funeral charges of George II. is one for cere-cloth, and more recent examples must be in common recollection.

However these various modes of conservation may have been applied to scientific purposes during the reign of the Roman emperors, no trace of such an application can be discovered in the darkness of the middle ages; but in the treasuries of princes there were sometimes found, among antiquities and curiosities of art, a few specimens of the dried and stuffed remains of uncommon animals. When commerce had extended the intercourse between nations, these collections were enlarged: menageries were also formed to add to the splendor of courts;† and while there diffused a knowledge of foreign productions, they also excited curiosity, and a taste for more minute inquiry into the peculiar qualities of their various contents. As literature revived, public libraries were established, and became receptacles for such natural curiosities as were occasionally presented to them; and in universities, the faculty of medicine collected, for dissection, various objects from the animal kingdom, as well as human bodies, and preserved the parts in spirits of wine. At a still later period, wealthy individuals began to form collections of curiosities, at first, probably, more calculated to please the eye than to gratify the understanding; but these, as science became at once more extended and more defined, were classed in distinct departments, and hence have arisen the various cabinets of natural curiosities now to be found in every part of the civilized world. The earliest of these private collections, however, is not supposed to date farther back than some time in the sixteenth century; and the oldest known catalogue, upon any systematic plan, is that of John Kentmann, a learned physician of Torgau, in Saxony, which was published in 1565. It consisted chiefly of minerals and other fossil productions; and although it only contained about sixteen hundred articles, it was then esteemed considerable, and cost, as the collector tells us, "sums which few could afford to expend."

The first museum in England was formed toward the middle of the seventeenth century, by John Tradescant, who procured the objects of which it was composed, in many parts of Europe, America, and the Levant. His collection of coins and medals appears to have been valuable; but among the natural curiosities mentioned in the catalogue, which has been published under the title of "*Museum Tradescantinum*," are some that are not calculated to afford a very high idea of the science or the discernment of the collector; for we find an egg of a *griffin*, and another of a *dragon*; some feathers from the tail of a *phœnix*; and the claw of a *ruck*, "*a bird able to truss an elephant*;" together with others of a similar nature. After Tradescant's death, which occurred in 1652, this cabinet was presented, by his son, to the celebrated Elias

* "And Joseph commanded his servants, the physicians, to embalm his father: and the physicians embalmed Israel."

"And forty days were fulfilled for him (for so are fulfilled the days of those which are embalmed); and the Egyptians mourned for him threescore and ten days." *Genesis, c. L. v. 2 and 3.*

† So early as the reign of Edward II. the Sheriffs of London were commanded to pay the keepers of the King's leopards, out of the fee-farm of the City, sixpence a day for the sustenance of the animals, and three-halfpence a day for the diet of their keeper; and that part of the Tower of London appropriated to the wild beasts was built for that purpose in the reign of Edward IV.; but there was a menagerie there even in the reign of Henry III. to whom the Emperor of Germany, in 1235, sent a present of three leopards, which were kept in the Tower.

Ashmole, who removed it to Oxford, where it forms a part of the Ashmolean Museum.

The herb of which, at one time was Knox's Museum, which was open to public inspection, in the Haymarket, is the legendary plant of the country. It was originally found out by Mr. John Conyers, a well known antiquary; and among a great variety of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman antiquities, both natural and artificial, contained the skeleton of an elephant which was dug out of a gravel-pit in the neighborhood of London, in 1714; it was supposed to have been there since the time of the Romans, for a battle is recorded to have been fought near the spot in the time of Claudius, and in the same pit the head of a British spear was found, of the like date.

The splendid collection contained in the British Museum was founded in 1753, by Sir Hans Sloane, and was purchased by Parliament, for the national use, for the sum of £50,000. To this was afterward added the Harleian collection of manuscripts, the Cottonian library, and that of the King, with other large additions of the Etruscan vases and other antiquities belonging to the late Sir W. Hamilton, and the Grecian marbles selected by Lord Elgin; these last have now arranged together, form one of the most valuable cabinets of literature and scientific in all Europe.

Saturday Evening Post.

OCTOBER 27, 1838.

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SCIENTIFIC SELECTIONS.

A Powerful Natural Magnet.—An interesting description was given not long since in an English or entitled periodical, of a natural curiosity of adertial power, and some circumstances with it must make it a considerable addition to the American reader.

It seems that as early as 1772, when Benjamin Franklin was in Glasgow, he had much conversation with Professor Anderson on the subject of electricity and magnetism, and presented to the Professor from America a specimen of some fine loadstones which were found in abundance in some places in Virginia. Franklin was not so good as he used; and in 1776 Professor Anderson received the promised mineral and not the same prominent portion of the mass into the hands of Mr. Cruthings, an ingenious chemist, who was skilful in the manufacture of scientific instruments. It was stored in the most approved manner, but its power was in no way remarkable. Several smaller portions of the mass were similarly fitted up; but they, like the principal, proving almost valueless, the Professor looked making any further trials, and finally cast aside all thoughts of the matter.

Several years passed away, when in 1781 or 1782, Mr. Cruthies, casually rummaging a lumber box which stood beneath his work bench, discovered some small fragments of the almost forgotten loadstone, surrounded by iron filings and other ferruginous dust; and observing that one of these fragments carried a larger quantity of filings than the others he was induced to try the show, at his leisure, what he at the time considered a little heedless labor, in grinding the fragment into a proper shape, with regard to its cubic. After which diminutive, iron arms were attached in a temporary manner by means of a thread, when, to his great surprise, its first load, though hastily applied, and supported by a light excess, required considerable force to effect its removal.

Mr. Cruthies now thought that the fragment was worthy of additional labor; he ground it with great care into its proper form, with regard to polarity, and, when finished, he little risque. Cold, having a ring at the top for suspending it. A load was attached, consisting of a pyramidal shaped piece of soft iron, of a weight judged to be rather under its magnetic power, that is *seven hundred and eighty-three grains*, while the stone itself weighed *precisely two and a half ounces*, carrying, therefore, *three hundred and fourteen times its own weight!*

It is now fifty-seven years since this little mark of the stone was first enclosed. The case was opened lately (1838) for the first time since the arms, &c. the old ones appearing faultless, the whole was immediately put together as in its original state. The same piece of iron was then found to its load from the beginning, and is placed very to contact with the arms. The power of adhesion appears to be as great as it has ever been, and it is supposed by Cruthies, from observation, the load could be increased to considerably more than eight hundred grains. The last that trial might prove injurious, it has never been made.—*Boston Mer. Journal.*

Proceedings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

THE EYE.

On some Preparations of the Eye," by Mr. Clay Wallace of New York.

Sir David Brewster laid before the Section a series of beautiful preparations of the eye, made by Mr. Clay Wallace, an able oculist of New York, calculated to establish some important points in the theory of vision. As in paper he accompanied these preparations, which had reached Sir David Brewster the David Brewster explained to the meeting their general nature and construction. Mr. Clay Wallace, he stated, considers that he has discovered the apparatus by which the eye is adjusted to different distances. On adjustable to different distances, effected in two ways—in eyes which have *spherical lenses* it is produced by a fulcrum, or hook-shaped muscle attached only to one side of the lens, which by its construction brings the cheystaline lens nearer the retina. In this case, it is obvious that the lens will have a slight motion of rotation and that the diameter, which was in the axis of vision previous to the contraction of the muscle, will be found out of that axis after the action of the muscle, so that at different distances of the lens from the retina different portions of the lens will be placed in the axis of vision. As the diameters of a sphere are all equal, both ends of the axis, Clay Wallace considered that vision would be equally perfect among the different diameters of the lens, brought by rotation into the axis of vision. Sir David Brewster, however, remarked that he had never found among the numerous examinations of the lenses of fishes any which are perfectly spherical, as there were in either oblate or prolate spheroids, so that along the different diameters of the solid less the vision would not be similarly perfect. But, independently of that circumstance, he stated that in every solid lens there are only one line or axis in which vision could be perfectly distinct, namely, the axis of the optical centres of the lens, which is the only genuine luminous source, which are seen by the *Sensation of Spherical Light*. For every point whenever the optical centres of the lens is not symmetrical. When the lens is not a sphere, but a spheroid, as in human eye or in the eyes of most quadrupeds, Mr. Clay Wallace considers that the apparatus for adjusting the vision to the different scientific grounds as those discovered by Mr. Wallace. One of the most important is that of *Myopia* or short sight. Sir David Brewster remarked that he had frequently found that the lens of short sighted persons was more convex than that of persons who had perfect vision, and that the lens of old persons was flatter than that of young persons. He had also found that the lens of short sighted persons was smaller than that of persons who had perfect vision, and that the lens of old persons was larger than that of young persons. He had also found that the lens of short sighted persons was smaller than that of persons who had perfect vision, and that the lens of old persons was larger than that of young persons. He had also found that the lens of short sighted persons was smaller than that of persons who had perfect vision, and that the lens of old persons was larger than that of young persons.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

THE GRAIN MARKET.

The sailing of the Royal William there has been a very considerable fall in the average price of wheat, and of course a rise in the duties to 54 shillings and 2 pence, caused partly by the large importations of foreign grain, but principally by the large quantity taken out of bond at the minimum rate of duty. The prices on the 25th and on the 26th there was a brisk demand for the article in bond. Capitalists were anxious to secure the large profits which that might be brought to market, on the calculation that the duty would be largely raised in Spring, and that prices will then be very high.

The quantity of grain the present harvest was estimated by some at 25 per cent. below an average crop; but this was thought too large an estimate, and that 10 per cent. would be nearer the mark. This would make the deficit about 1,500,000 quarters of wheat.

The amount of wheat taken out of bond when the duty fell to one shilling was 1,000,000 quarters—the usual annual consumption being estimated at 12,000,000.

Great efforts have been made to obtain supplies of grain from the Baltic and Mediterranean countries, and from the United States, but the quantities obtainable from these sources were much smaller than had been anticipated, and it seems clear that the people of England must submit to a permanent high price, at least throughout the coming year.

The advice from Hamburg of Sept. 15, was that the crop of rye had been very abundant, but considerable increase of price. Six hundred and fifty vessels had arrived there since May last, for land. The advance for the week, ending on the 15th Sept. was 10 per cent. on wheat and on rye rate; old light sorts had commanded £9, and new, of inferior quality, £6 and £7.

The letter from Leghorn of the 17th of September, gives a poor account of the crops in Italy. The olive crop, it is said, will be the smallest harvest well got in, but it was estimated that the wine crop will be a full average one. The rye was satisfactory in quantity but deficient in quality, the grains being very small and light.

The London Chronicle says that the spirit in all the Baltic ports has been very dull. It must be observed, however, that the Chronicle, as the organ of the Corn Law Monopoly, is ever agitating for a repeal of the corn laws, and that it is therefore making the stale of things appear as bad as possible.

Advices from Egypt, dated Alexandria, Sept. 1, state that the crops were looking very lovely, and that the crops were expected to be very abundant. The stock at Alexandria was mostly from the North Sea, and some cargoes had arrived from Constantinople and Odessa. It had been warehoused to await an advance in prices.

The Mediterranean ports were also free of corn, and in Ireland. Some former members of the Irish parliament, Messrs. Shiel and Lefroy, and there is defection even among his own friends, the young Lord Duncannon, Secretary of Ireland without emotion, or not read at all.

The Duke of Wellington is very fond of his dinner.—*Sun.*

Trades Union combinations were working mischief among the ship-carpenters of Dublin and Drogheda.

A man named Wall making very short trips between Lisbon and Antwerp.

Two hundred and fifty persons died from Smyrna, of an European set of piracy committed by a Greek vessel on a Turkish brig, near the mouth of Nile. The brig was scuttled, and the captain and crew boat four taken out. The captain and Turkish officials and two brigs of war, a French and Austrian, were in pursuit of the pirates.

The accounts from Circassia are very unfavorable to the progress of the Russian arms in that quarter. It is said that their force in that country is reduced to 30,000 men. Complaints are made loud against the sturdy mountaineers. The Russians are very fearful of his diminution.

It is said that the Shah of Persia has been appointed by the Emperor of Russia to the rank of sustaining very heavy loss in a general assault. It was expected that he would eventually yet have been made Field Marshal of the Russian European staff.

The following is an extract of a letter from Rio Janeiro, dated 16th of June, 1838:

"We have above all the plants to the hill, you will find a certain number, which I beg you to accept as a mark of my respect, and among which you will find a beautiful specimen of the white mulberry, var. Moretiana or Chinese, which I have received from Paris, and which is the standard trees, and which I beg you to transmit to the Emperor, with good care as it is not able to judge of this magnificent variety, which is far superior to the common white mulberry, in the quantity of its leaves, and which is also requiring to be grafted, in leaves being naturally of a very large size, and which will be a weeks, with Mr. Noisette, part of which was upon the branches of the mulberry trees, and which I have expressed himself convinced that there were other varieties of the mulberry better adapted to cold climates, particularly the neighborhood of Paris, that the Morus Multicaulis, yet he said nothing about what Mr. Mey states, that the cocoon with Mr. J. D. Lagare, formerly Editor of the Southern Review, which I have by other what he looked for it, no vestige of it was to be had whether it had died, been killed, or removed let Jobn Hunt Morgan

PHILADELPHIA WHOLESALE PRICES.

THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 26.

ASHES.
Pots ..... 4 6 @ 4 6
Pearls ..... 6 @ 6
BEESWAX.
Yellow ..... 25 @ 26
BREADSTUFFS.
Fine ..... 5 @ 5 25
Fine Middlings ..... 5 @ 5 25
Supers, No. 1 ..... 5 @ 5 25
Supers, No. 2 ..... 5 @ 5 25
Rye Flour ..... 3 @ 3 25
Pennsylvania Meal ..... 3 @ 3 25
Corn Meal ..... 3 @ 3 25
Wheat ..... 1 40 @ 1 45
Red ..... 1 40 @ 1 45
Rye ..... 80 @ 85
Corn, Yellow ..... 60 @ 62
White ..... 60 @ 62
Oats ..... 30 @ 32
Barley ..... 70 @ 75
Clover Seed ..... 4 @ 4 50
Timothy ..... 2 @ 2 25
Flaxseed ..... 1 75 @ 1 80
COTTON.
Upland ..... 10 @ 11
Florida ..... 10 @ 11
FEATHERS.
Live Geese ..... 30 @ 35
FISH.
Mackerel, No. 1 ..... 12 50 @ 13 00
Mackerel, No. 2 ..... 11 00 @ 11 50
Mackerel, No. 3 ..... 9 00 @ 9 50
Shad ..... 5 00 @ 5 50
Herring ..... 3 00 @ 3 50
FLAXSEED.
Flaxseed ..... 1 75 @ 1 80
FRUIT.
Apples, dried ..... 1 @ 1 25
Peaches, pared ..... 3 @ 3 50
Peaches, unpared ..... 1 @ 1 25
GROCERIES.
Coffee, Rio ..... 10 @ 11
Coffee, Laguayra ..... 10 @ 11
Sugar, Cuba ..... 7 @ 8
Sugar, Loaf ..... 10 @ 11
Molasses, Cuba ..... 30 @ 32
Molasses, New Orleans ..... 35 @ 37
Rice ..... 4 @ 4 50
Tallow ..... 8 @ 8 50
HAY AND MEAL.
Timothy ..... 85 @ 90
Meadow ..... 75 @ 80
Straw ..... 50 @ 55
HIDES.
Dry Hides ..... 10 @ 11
Green ..... 6 @ 7
Calf Skins ..... 10 @ 11
Sheep Skins ..... 1 @ 1 25
LEATHER.
Sole, No. 1 ..... 24 @ 26
Sole, No. 2 ..... 22 @ 24
Upper ..... 30 @ 35
Harness ..... 30 @ 35
Calf Skins, French ..... 1 @ 1 25
Calf Skins, City ..... 1 @ 1 25
Calf Skins, Country ..... 1 @ 1 25
Kip Skins, French ..... 1 @ 1 25
Kip Skins, City ..... 1 @ 1 25
Kip Skins, Country ..... 1 @ 1 25
Roans, Morocco ..... 1 @ 1 25
Roans, Sheep ..... 1 @ 1 25
Bindings ..... 1 @ 1 25
Patent Leather ..... 1 @ 1 25
Enamelled ..... 1 @ 1 25
Dressed Hogs ..... 6 @ 6 50
Pork, Mess ..... 16 @ 16 50
Pork, Prime Mess ..... 14 @ 14 50
Pork, Prime ..... 12 @ 12 50
Beef, Mess ..... 10 @ 10 50
Beef, Prime Mess ..... 8 @ 8 50
Beef, Prime ..... 7 @ 7 50
Lard ..... 10 @ 11
Butter, Pa. ..... 16 @ 18
Butter, Ohio ..... 14 @ 16
Butter, Western Reserve ..... 14 @ 16
Cheese ..... 8 @ 9
Eggs ..... 12 @ 13
SEEDS.
Clover, bush. ..... 4 @ 4 50
Timothy ..... 2 @ 2 25
Flaxseed ..... 1 75 @ 1 80
Orchard grass ..... 1 @ 1 25
Red Top ..... 1 @ 1 25
SPIRITS.
Brandy, Cognac ..... 1 @ 1 25
Brandy, Peach ..... 1 @ 1 25
Brandy, Apple ..... 1 @ 1 25
Whiskey, Rye ..... 1 @ 1 25
Whiskey, Monongahela ..... 1 @ 1 25
Whiskey, Scotch ..... 1 @ 1 25
Whiskey, Irish ..... 1 @ 1 25
Gin, Holland ..... 1 @ 1 25
Gin, American ..... 1 @ 1 25
Rum, Jamaica ..... 1 @ 1 25
Rum, St. Croix ..... 1 @ 1 25
Rum, Antigua ..... 1 @ 1 25
Rum, American ..... 1 @ 1 25
STONE.
Plaster Paris, ground ..... 2 @ 2 50
Plaster Paris, unground ..... 1 @ 1 25
WOOL.
Saxony ..... 50 @ 55
Merino, full blood ..... 45 @ 50
Merino, half blood ..... 40 @ 45
Merino, three quarters ..... 35 @ 40
Merino, quarter ..... 30 @ 35
Native, full blood ..... 40 @ 45
Native, half blood ..... 35 @ 40
Native, three quarters ..... 30 @ 35
Native, quarter ..... 25 @ 30
Pulled, Lambs ..... 40 @ 45
Pulled, Spinning ..... 35 @ 40
Pulled, Country ..... 30 @ 35
Pulled, Mixed ..... 30 @ 35
Pulled, Country Mixed ..... 25 @ 30
Pulled, Tub Washed ..... 45 @ 50
Pulled, Country Tub Washed ..... 40 @ 45
Pulled, Extra ..... 45 @ 50
Pulled, Country Extra ..... 40 @ 45
Pulled, Super ..... 40 @ 45
Pulled, Country Super ..... 35 @ 40
Pulled, Lambs Super ..... 40 @ 45
Pulled, Country Lambs Super ..... 35 @ 40

According to the personal estate as follows:

$194,543.39
69,009.56

$197,458.105
61,207.31.

$136,250.79

all having only twenty-four hours, one, no horse can, even in their way to New

man was killed between the Pitts. Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad, in a state of excitement and elbowing to Philadelphia, to the first city, but soon ceased by further boast, and the Philadelphia. His name is said he was probably

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"The Hollidaysburg Register" of this borough, says: "Mr. and Mrs. Drake, of Leith on Wednesday, of the stove door, and Mrs. Drake, five, and burst death is supposed to have been instantaneous. Mr. Drake, Rose, at Byron, Erie county, Pa., was found last week with his throat cut in a

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ed into the stream at Bridge, in a few days. th Carolina and Georgia, bout, losing the first e of Charleston.

Robert Ridenour—Frederick, Md. who has made us a great automobile and successfully invaded by the extent, altering the be built, but the time of Ante-

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urred at Montreal on that six inches of snow to between Whitehall

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uts, Geo. may be in- cold month of September.

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the week ending on ever deaths by yellow at New Orleans. t a special agent for the Winnebago Indians at Fort Crawford, ractables, but we as- Indian in his wigwam in the magazine; that and fierce or four ntracted, and conveyed three of the kegs were ed to Mr. Lincoln's ar- pon, and was abandon

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nts to freshmen are at- rmitting, among many address connected with the publications of ance of the past office, county, and which they reside, to neuralgic affections of letters.

On our fourth page will be found the par- ers of a fair to be held by the Agricultural ney on the 6th of November next.

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population of France is said to be about of which 3200 families are employed in ating the vine.

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clothing store of Jeremiah James, at the r of Chesnut street and Franklin Place, broken into on Sunday night, and robbed of ork, &c. to the amount of $1,000.

The entrance was effected by forcing brother's shop, and then cutting a panel a four inches thick.

Monday morning, as the train of cars was the Columbia railroad, near the bridge inclined plane, the rear car was thrown the track. The cause was discovered to ad bar, one end of which had been taken ay, passed across him in an oblique ion, fracturing the lower jaw. He died a hour after having been taken to the the Collector's Office. At the Coroner's d it appeared his name was Benjamin aged 13, and his residence near Eighth ore streets.

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an was robbed at the Walnut street Thea- Monday night of his pocket book, con- twenty dollars.

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man boy, aged nine years, named Lewis ing and residing in John street below Lane, was drowned in the Delaware on afternoon, at Callowhill street wharf.

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man Bolean held an inquest on the body Keppler, a butcher, who died suddenly day night at his residence in the German and near Master street. The day pre- had drank immoderately of ardent verdict was rendered that he came to by intemperance.

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reign papers say, that a strawberry the garden of Mr. Peterson at Cross ar Glasgow, measured in one direction and 14 in another.

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pany has been formed in France, for ance of raising a monument to Joan of fifty years since at the month of the it is thought to contain plate and specie to amount, and among other things a dia- necklace of Marie Antoinette, and a by Raphael.

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of the dock passengers were severely on board the steam boat Gov. Shelby, of which collapsed on the 21st, near the of the Arkansas river.

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dian warrior Black Hawk died on the the camp on the river Des Moines.

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usand, one hundred and eighty-nine educated at the public expense in inhabitants of one hundred and eight boys in Lalla al Raglia and Lalla Fatima.

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housand three hundred and sixty-two fifty-seven cents were received on the ard Worcester rail road for tolls, during ending on the 13th inst.

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xington Intelligencer says, spurious ed on the streets of Lexington, Kentucky, made payable at the Dan- are in circulation. They are ge- dollar bills altered from five dollar fraudulent issue is the figure of a horse, other notes of the bank of Kentucky of the denomination of five dollars.

Elcrich who last winter pass- in this city as a Colonel of the ed, and was tried for swindling, his- ering to cheat the people of Canada.

The Miners' Journal says that the Locust Mountain coal company, on the Shamokin Mercury states that on the which was the first day of opening the the books of the South Mountain Rail- 3,800 shares were subscribed, each $100. The books were to remain days. The only stockholder at pres- in Charleston, had subscribed for number of shares to which they were entitled.

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state of Indiana about six thousand men ork on the canals and rail roads; in ana and Michigan, strong efforts are the extension of the system of inter- ement. How then does it happen ment of the Treasury gives more reason the "pressure" alone May, 1838, on the previous ry, in advance of the general

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Patch.—Mr. Dent, in a let- the London Herald in- ion to the formation of a at which consists of fifteen trades, and probably ed in making one of these

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dry.—In a talk which the ntly had with an examiner Bail Fisher," were asked ther Monroe?"—At ever- they contemplated ry?"—*Ledger.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We have received a volume of 64 pages, with the title, "The Messiah, a poem, by John Lansdale, Sacred Historical Painter, Chambersburg." The author states that the hymns are all original, and never published before. That the reader may comprehend something of the beauty of this production, the following passages are subjoined, which more clearly indicate its merit than it is possible for us to do.

Wonderful beyond comprision:
That the bona, holy and divine,
Who might have a Heav'nly garnion,
Should thus submit, himself resign.

Their hearts are sunk in despondence,
They are unable now to exult,
But follow with sad appearance,
To behold the final result.

"Picciola, or Captivity Captive, by M. D. Saintine," published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard. This is a translation from the French, and an interesting story, of which the translator says, the very soul of poetry breathes through it, and that it is most striking and original tale, and is in many respects superior, on the score of merit, to most novels of the French school, and will afford an agreeable entertainment to the lovers of light reading.

Peter Pilgrim.—Lea & Blanchard, successors to Carey & Co. have published a new work, by the author of Calavar, &c. entitled "Peter Pilgrim, or a Rambler's Recollections." This is literally such, abounding in numerous well described incidents, and some pungent satire which will give it a favorable reception with the general reader. The scene of the tale is laid within the United States, the peculiarities of certain parts of which are displayed with no small humor.

The last No. of the Medical Intelligencer records two cases of poisoning by the leaves of the common garden Parsley, which were treated in the Blockley Hospital. Both individuals were females, and presented nearly the same symptoms. The first had employed

Variety's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavor.

A PEDDLER'S IDEA OF TRAVELLING.—Surely, said Pat these Yankees are great travellers—they travel 60 or 70 miles a day, while I have hard work to travel 25 or 30; but there's not an great a difference after all, for they don't move their head'r travel the ground over, while I travel both sides of the road for the most part.

FACE.—A lady was asked at the Bazaar during the late season, what was the use of Face Tales. "I never knew that crabs had tales," she replied with a look of grave and innocent wonder.

A FRIENDLY INTIMATION.—The boarders at a tavern in Georgia were annoyed by flies in their butter. Judge Doolly called the landlord keeper aside, and remarked to him, in a private way, that some of his friends thought it would be best for him to put the butter on one plate and the flies on another, and let the people choose for themselves. He merely suggested it for consideration.

MARCH OF REFINEMENT.—A cobbler, trying in Swan street, Morrisania, then supposedly announces his calling:—"Surgeon chiropodist, corns upon old boots and shoes, by night or day. Also making good the legs, binding the broken, healing the wounded, extracting the consumptive and rejuvenating the body with new soles. Advice gratis by B. MARKS."

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.—Mr. S. Peasy, of 140 Moor street, has in his possession a new fuel vessel, open to public inspection, the material of which was rag, made into paper, printed, and printed, in the short space of five minutes, in the presence of 78 persons, whose names are attached and sanctioned by the same as the contents of the said sewing-machine men in the kingdom.

A STATESMAN seizes all the objects of administration in general—knows how to judge, and assistance in the details he does not understand—and to command that to be done which he either cannot or will not execute himself!

AN ALTERNATIVE.—"If you don't accept my challenge," said one gentleman of honor to another, "I'll post you as a coward." "Post away. "Go ground," said the other; "I had rather fill "six gazettes than one coffin.

A DILEMMA.—"Squire, I have got sued here, de case is on; I keeps a coffin house, and so as a man died drowned in spring, and I 'spose, and den I rips him, and then he sees me for *salt and patrick*."

There is no extremity of distress which of itself ought to reduce a great nation to despair. It is not the disorder, nor the physicians; it is not the consequences or calamitous circumstances; it is the pernicious hand of government which alone can make a whole people desperate.—*Junius.*

A High Compliment.—Sir Peter Rodger, an Irish knight, was married to the daughter of Lord C——, a connexion of which the knight was somewhat proud. Boasting of this union once to a friend, he observed that his lordship had said how the highest compliment in his power: He had seven daughters, said he, and he gave me one dreadful and he gave me one that if he had an *odder* I should have her.

Greek Heroism.—Maurin, the Greek Admiral who defeated the Egyptian fleet, seeing that the *gouvernement* would not money, collected all the remains of his own fortune, and distributed it among the captains and sailors: "If" he said "it will be useless to me; and if we are victorious, we will easily settle it to me as an ample reward."

Unseen Generosity.—An illiterate personage, who always volunteered to go round with the hat, but was suspected of sparing his own pocket, overhearing one day a hint to that effect, made the following speech: "Other gentlemen may put down what they thinks proper, and so do I. Charity's a certain concern, and what I give is nothing to nobody."—*Thomas Hood.*

Two rival shoemakers, who lived directly opposite to each other, in one of the streets near the west end of London, and whose opposition was not in a shadow alone, but in every matter connected with business, carried on for a long time a war of advertisements and placards, till at last, one of them, to signify the purity of his style of doing business, got his door-way adorned with the classic sentence, "Mens conscia recti. Thus the other conceived he had an advantage over something in the line of business; and, as he was a tavern keeper also, his gift sign was accommodated with the following improved reading of the sentence:—Mens sha women's conscia recti.

A touch of the Sublime.—A western writer, who has just begun to acquire celebrity, thus describes his entrance a room where there was a great cry, little blood and no murder: "*I burst through the door, I thrust a leg out, and instantly exclaimed, What is the matter?*"

While the national honor is firmly maintained abroad, and while justice is impartially administered at home, economy will be voluntary and cheerful.—*Junius.*

"I MUST EMBRACE THAT MAN."—Mill. Cathelet, to the Baroness of Queen Hortense, relates the following most laughable incident:—"On the 30 July Louis XVIII. made his triumphant entry into Paris. It was the more brilliant, as dukes, marquises, and counts composed the advanced guard—a quality untarnished quantity." The excitement was almost to madness: the crowd and guards were confused, the throng was the joy of the winning party. Fine equipages and elegant ladies impeded the passage of the sovereign, surnamed The Desired; they went and came, passed and re-passed many a night, waving their white handkerchiefs; they stretched their hands to one another out of the carriage windows; in fact, in the midst of these transports, where voices failed in prolonged cries, a great lady, whose equipage was stopped near the Boulevard de Grand, was seen to take her coachman round the neck, and embrace him convulsively!

Mouth Bridge.—We have been assured of the truth of the following singular anecdote of Telford, the great architect of the bridge, whose monument it has been well said, "hangs over the Menai Straits." A canal company had been fined to pay for his Telford's use, and on the day on which the lodges and workmen were to be paid to be retained or blighted, when the first claim was to be fixed connecting the two shores together—and there stands had assembled to witness the scene, and, as the time approached, were watching the breathless workmen, who, unable to bear it any longer, and utterly incapable, from agitation, to give any orders, retired to the top of the bridge, and there, with the blind down awaited the result. At the appointed hour, some of the workmen, who had been sent from the rail, and the bell was fixed. A loud and long continued shout from the multitude announced to Telford, and when the narrator of this incident entered the building, Telford was on his knees returning thanks to God for the fulfilment thus far, of the grand scheme of his life.—*Burmingham paper.*

THE LATE MR ARBUTHNOT AND SOCIETY.—The late Mr. Abernethy was once consulted by a gentleman whose habits had greatly impaired his digestive powers. After receiving the advice of the celebrated medical man he had examined, the patient said, "But, sir, what spirits will you recommend me to drink?" Mr. Abernethy, in disgust, replied, "Why, sir, I never take tincture of rhubarb, that is a spirit, or you may take tincture of jalap, that is a spirit, and they have the advantages above other spirits, you may take them cheap, your body yourself, but they will take themselves out of your body as fast as they can."

INGENIOUS CALCULATION.—In one of the sponsing are some most unfashionable in Barry there are 1,140 looms at work. An intelligent book keeper employed at those works has drawn the following curious calculation, viz.—The shuttle of each loom, in traversing from side to side formed by the warp, passes over a space of 4 feet 6 inches at least; some say 5 feet, but less than that. Whilst at work, the shuttle is thrown 160 times per minute, or 27,000 feet per hour. The number in operation twelve hours per day, consequently each shuttle traverses 324,000 feet, or 61 miles 640 yards in one day.—Among so many looms, there will be always some standing, from various causes, say 140, then, 140 out of the 1,140 to be the average number standing, and assuming that 1,000 are kept at work, the number of miles passed by these shuttles will travel 61,363 miles and 1,140 yards each day, or through a space sufficient to go round the circumference of the earth, in the short period of twelve hours.

JONATHAN AGAIN.—"How old are you, said Mr. Kidnaper to a dreadful young coon. "I was, sir." "I wonder you aren't right down ashamed of being so bigger; you look like a boy of ten." "How so" "All natural, being a dreadful boy." "How so" "When I was ten, father put his hand on my head and said, 'Jonathan,' and he ran away never seen him since, and I didn't think it right in me to go on growing without his leave."

A man in the dress of a workman, was lately walking in the streets of Berlin with a pocket in his hand, and looked with the greatest attention with an address, and a note that it contained 10,000 thalers in treasury bills. As the lender appeared to be at a loss, was accosted by a passenger, who asked him who he was looking for. He made a circumstance that he was in search of the treasurer's hands and requested that he would show him the address. The reply was to as with an agreeable surprise—"Why, this letter is for me; I have actually received a legacy while I"—The messenger upon this demanded ten thalers for the carriage of the packet, which was readily paid, and the pretended officer to the porter. The new possessor of the 10,000 thalers hastened to an apothecary, to examine his prize, but, on his breaking the seals, found nothing but a few pieces of Malta paper on which was written "Dupe!"

ECONOMY.—The word economy, like a great many others has, in application, been very much abused. It is generally taken to mean parsimony, stinginess, or suggestions; and at best, means only getting a thing cheaply or saving money. Hence misers and close fisted men disguise their propensities and meanness under the name of economy; whereas the most liberal disposition precisely the contrary of that of the miser, is perfectly consistent with economy. Economy means management, and nothing more; and it is generally the best management when it is that by which affairs are an object of the greatest importance, whether to individuals or to a nation. A nation is made powerful, and to its interest, in the most not so much by the number of its people, as by the ability and character of a people; and it is a great mistake to suppose that the wealth of a nation, which, all upon the money or the paper basis, is the best wealth. Wealth consists in men, and in whatever yet was, and never will be, a nation perishing and wounded, ceases to be powerful, and supporting the body with new soles.—*Advice gratis by B. MARKS.*

SAXON LADIES.—A tourist in Germany gives the following description of the Saxon ladies:—"Their complexion is fair, their hair light, their eyes of an azure, blushing and needle work, no interruption. A lady plays on a piano would think little of forgetting her fan, but could not spend half an hour without the inspiration of their handkerchief. A man would be quite pardonable for doubting, on entering such a drawing room, whether he had strayed into a milliner's or a nursery; and whether he was not expected to compose a fashion or a lullaby. Their talk is talk. At Dresden it is carried so far that even the theatre is not protected against stockings and work. I have seen a lady gravely lay down her work, wipe away the tears which the scenes of Tasso, in William Tell, seldom fail to bring out into her eyes, and immediately resume her labors."

DIFFICULT CASE.—Doctor Radcliffe, the famous physician in Queen Anne's time, was occasionally, but kind-hearted, and many curious stories of forgetting her fan, but could not spend half an hour without the inspiration of their handkerchief. A man would be quite pardonable for doubting, on entering such a drawing room, whether he had strayed into a milliner's or a nursery; and whether he was not expected to compose a fashion or a lullaby. Their talk is talk. At Dresden it is carried so far that even the theatre is not protected against stockings and work. I have seen a lady gravely lay down her work, wipe away the tears which the scenes of Tasso, in William Tell, seldom fail to bring out into her eyes, and immediately resume her labors.